

DEMOCRATIC PIONEER.

Mr. D. J. Hill, Agent Office, Norfolk, Va., is authorized to receive subscriptions, &c., for the Pioneer and receipt for the same. He will also forward any favors from our Norfolk friends intended for publication in this paper.

Volney B. Palmer is authorized to receive advertisements for the Democratic Pioneer in New York, Philadelphia and Boston, and receipt for the payment of the same.

William Thompson, S. E. corner of Baltimore and South sts., is authorized to receive advertisements for the Democratic Pioneer in the city of Baltimore, and receipt for the payment of the same.

TUESDAY MORNING, OCT. 29, 1850.

SUPERIOR COURT.

The Superior Court for this county adjourned on Saturday evening, after a very laborious week's work. All the State cases were tried, but the civil docket was scarcely touched—consequently we understand the Judge will recommend an extra term to be held in the early part of December next. The only capital case tried last week was that of George Fox for the murder of Jackson Pugh. The jury brought in a verdict of manslaughter, and the Judge sentenced the prisoner to be branded and imprisoned for three months. Accordingly on Saturday evening, the ceremony of branding was performed by the high sheriff, in the court-room in presence of a large assemblage of spectators. The prisoner's hand was lashed down to the railing, and a hot iron shaped like the letter "M," (for manslaughter) placed on the flesh part of the thumb until he pronounced, (through his counsel) the words "God save the State" three times, when it was immediately withdrawn.

STAGE ACCIDENT.

On Thursday last, as the stage, with the mails and a number of passengers, was on her way from Norfolk, to this place, the horses took fright several miles beyond South Mills, and dashing the driver from his seat, ran about two miles at the top of their speed, when horses, stage and two passengers (the rest having leaped out,) were precipitated headlong into the canal. One of those thrown into the canal was a lady, who, but for the exertions of the gentleman who remained, might have been drowned; as it was, however, we rejoice to know that neither of them sustained any other injury than a terrible fright and a thorough drenching. The mail-guard was thrown from the stage, and his ankle sprained. One of the horses became entangled in the gear and, we regret to say, was drowned.—The mails were immediately fished up, though in rather a moist state, and promptly forwarded to this place. The accident is not ascribed to any carelessness on the part of the driver, but was one of those casualties that will some times occur under the most guarded auspices.

THE WAY IT WORKS.

Last week a man was found guilty by the Superior Court, of stealing a goose, and sentenced to receive thirty-nine lashes on his bare back at the public whipping-post. Another was found guilty of manslaughter, (the Judge saying that according to strict law it was a clear case of murder,) and sentenced to be branded with the letter "M" and imprisoned three months. Now we think that the punishment for stealing the goose is greater and more degrading than that for taking the life of a fellow-being. To our mind, this is manifestly wrong, and is proof positive of the great need of a penitentiary, so that there may be adequate punishment for intermediate offences between murder and petty larceny.

Philip S. White, Esq.—This distinguished Temperance Lecturer seems to be creating as great a sensation in our State as would the appearance of Father Mathew himself. At Raleigh and elsewhere, he has been received with unbounded enthusiasm, and the press are lost in encomiums upon his great eloquence and powerful logic. Our citizens will bear in mind that he will pay us a visit and address the people at the Baptist Church on Friday night next.

MILITARY.

At a meeting of those gentlemen who have formed themselves into a Volunteer Company, held at the Court-house, on Monday evening, 21st inst., said Company was organized under the name of the "Home Guards," and the election of the following officers:

Captain—Gen. J. C. B. Ehringhaus.
First Lieutenant—Wm. F. Marlin.
Second Lieutenant—Wm. E. Mann.
Third Lieutenant—Jno. M. Kellinger.
Fourth Lieutenant—W. J. Matthews.
First Sergeant—Wm. R. Carson.
do—Jas. W. Hinton.

FIRE DEPARTMENT.

A meeting was held at the Court-house on Wednesday evening last, and a Fire Company, under the title of the "Albion Engine Company," was formed and organized by the election of the following officers:

President—L. D. Starke.
Vice President—Dr. R. K. Speed.
Secretary—J. M. Kellinger.
Treasurer—J. M. Matthews.
Chief Engineer—W. H. Clark.
Assistant Engineer—A. W. Starke.

THE CENTRAL RAILROAD.

For the purpose of inducing the editor of the "Old North State" to show his hand on this scheme, in our last issue, we put certain queries to him in relation thereto, and requested explicit answers. Though he has come up to the scratch, yet it seems to have been only after a considerable struggle. He is slow and cautious in approaching the point—says that he "is not arithmetician enough to calculate the exact amount of advantage which either measure would be to the State" (the Nag's Head Inlet or the Central Railroad)—therefore, he is "not prepared to say which would be more beneficial." This latter sentence would seem, upon the first blush, to be unimportant; but a little consideration will show that it is full of import and meaning. Bear in mind that in this same article, he says that he looks upon the opening of the Nag's Head Inlet "as of immense, aye, of incalculable advantage," and yet says of the Central Railroad that he is "not prepared to say which would be more beneficial." Here, then, is a clear admission, that although the opening of the Inlet would be of "immense, aye, of incalculable advantage," he yet has doubts whether the Central Railroad would not be equally so!

But let that pass. He writes and twists until he gets over the first of our questions, viz: "Don't you think that the Legislature would have 'done the State more service' by appropriating an equal amount to the execution of this work, (Nag's Head) than the construction of the Central Railroad?" and when he comes to the second, whether he thinks the Railroad an extravagant humbug, summoning up all his resolution and nerving himself to the task, he "unhesitatingly answers, no!" We let him speak for himself:

"We do not believe the Central Railroad to be an 'extravagant humbug.' We believe, when finished, it will be of great advantage to the State at large, and that its benefit to the Western section, will be incalculable. We do not belong to that selfish class of politicians, who can see no good in any scheme, the advantages of which do not immediately redound to them, or to those whom they represent; and though the County of Pasquotank may never, and in all probability will never, be benefitted one cent by the Central Railroad; yet, had we been a member of the last Legislature, we should undoubtedly have given to the scheme the support of our vote. As long as the West acts fairly by the East, we, for one, will do all in our power, consistently with our duty to the whole State, to advance her interests, develop her resources, and to afford to her farmers a market for their surplus productions. We believe the Central Railroad, eminently calculated to do all these things, and hence, we are in its favor and have ever been so since its passage, and we shall wait a little longer, get a little more light upon the subject, before we denounce it as an 'extravagant humbug.' Is our neighbor answered?"

Yes, upon the latter point we are answered—fully answered—and we give you credit for your candor, though we are compelled to condemn your policy. The reader will perceive that the "Old North State" has taken bold ground in favor of the Central Railroad scheme—says that if he had been a member of the last Legislature he would have given it his vote, notwithstanding the "county of Pasquotank may never, and in all probability will never be benefitted one cent by it." Our object is not at present to go into an argument upon the subject—but simply to record the position of the "Old North State" on a question of vital importance to the State at large. He comes out in favor of the scheme—we have already avowed our uncompromising hostility to it. Our reasons for this were, that it would involve the State in debt; that it would be of little benefit to the people at large; and that the Eastern portion of the State would be required to pay money for the execution of a scheme in which she had no interest, and from which she could derive no benefit. Furthermore we believed that the measure was passed by a system of Legislative hocus-pocus not only discreditable to those who participated in it, but eminently pernicious in its tendencies. These were some of the reasons which induced us to express our unequivocal opposition to the measure.

A collateral question is also mooted by our neighbor, to which we would call the attention of our readers. He says: "As long as the West acts fairly by the East, we, for one, will do all in our power, consistently with our duty to the whole State, to advance her interests, develop her resources, and to afford to her farmers a market for their surplus productions." This is tantamount to a declaration that the West has "acted fairly," and that he has no complaint to utter on that score; for he declares that he would have voted for this scheme had he been a member of the Legislature.—For one, we are disposed to think that the West has not acted fairly towards the East—certainly not sufficiently so to induce us to give them two millions of dollars for the erection of a work in which we have not the slightest interest, and which is of questionable utility even to them, at least when compared with the amount to be expended. We should be glad to see some of the evidences of western fairness as manifested in the appropriation bills. Perhaps our neighbor can inform us. We trust that the people will ponder

over these things and revolve them thoroughly in their minds. They are matters of great moment, and should challenge their most earnest consideration. And we especially commend to their consideration the position of the "Old North State," which is, as we think, diametrically opposed to the best interests of the people.

We once heard of a boy who ran post-haste to his father, requested him to get his gun, and told him he had seen five hundred squirrels on a tree. The old man was incredulous, and remarked to his son that he must be mistaken.—The boy then reduced the number to one-half the former estimate—still the father shook his head in doubt. The boy continued to reduce the number, and the old man to express his doubt, until the former, driven to the wall, solemnly protested that he had seen a bush shake! Now to the application. The editor of the "Old North State" starts us with the asseveration that we have attempted to "demolish" him with a display of the languages. Reader! the whole of the Latin and French combined, (about which he raises such a "muss") would not exceed two lines! Neighbor, you only saw a literary bush shake, after all—and it was your fruitless imagination that distorted a few modest Latin and French words into grim-visaged monsters of "demolition." Our neighbor must have been frightened, when a child, with nursery stories about hobgoblins, bug-bears and the like, from the effects of which he seems not yet to have recovered.

"Most persons, we doubt not, are aware to what subtleties men will resort when hard driven to reply to an argument, or to extricate themselves from a position, into which their own inconsistencies and misrepresentations have placed them."—[Old North State.]

Precisely—and the readers of the "Old North State" have had abundant evidence of the fact.

NORTHERN SENTIMENT.

The Boston Post gives an account of the meeting held in Faneuil Hall a short time since, which was presided over and addressed by Charles Francis Adams, and followed by the runaway negro Fred Douglass. It says the audience was large, and comprised a considerable number of colored people. There were about three hundred colored women in the galleries. Richard H. Dana, Jr., among others, delivered a speech, in which he regretted that the meeting was not made up of somewhat different materials, of the leading men in all branches of business, and men of property and "reputed respectability." He concluded by reading a letter from Josiah Quincy, Sr., declaring against the law, but at the same time expressing his belief that there was no real ground for alarm, "for, in his opinion, the enforcement of the law in Massachusetts would prove to be impracticable." A "committee of vigilance" was appointed to take measures to "secure the fugitives and colored inhabitants of Boston and vicinity from any invasion of their rights by persons acting under the law."

Here we see a bold and deliberate and systematic organization for the purpose of resisting "persons acting under the law!" What faith can be put in men, who, in open defiance of established law, appeal to that "higher law"—brute force—for the purpose of accomplishing their fiendish ends, and depriving the South of her just and lawful rights? None—none whatever!

A NEW CASE.

The Postmaster at Eufaula, Alabama, refused to deliver to a subscriber a copy of the "National Era," a rank abolitionist paper published in Washington city, on the ground that it was an incendiary publication, the circulation of which is forbidden by the laws of the State. The subscriber (who was also a contributor to said paper) had been expelled from the community because of his abolition proclivities. The Assistant Postmaster General, Fitz Henry Warren, demanded of the Alabama Postmaster an explanation of his conduct in refusing to deliver said abolition sheet; whereupon a very large meeting of the citizens of Eufaula was held, in which resolutions were unanimously passed, sustaining their postmaster, and declaring that in case of his removal for his conduct in this matter, no other postmaster would be permitted to take his place.

Killed by Stabbing.—John Williams, an old seaman attached to the U. S. ship Pennsylvania, at Gosport, was stabbed to the heart by a man named West, on the 19th inst., near the Portsmouth Ferry wharf, and died immediately. West has been arrested.

The Sons of Temperance of Richmond, Va., had a grand celebration on the 10th inst. The procession was a mile in length, and there were 600 to 800 "Sons" and "Cadets" out. T. W. Gally, Esq., the eloquent Temperance Lecturer, (who is also a member of the Constitutional Reform Convention now in session in that city,) addressed the vast assemblage at the 'African Church.' He was followed by several other distinguished gentlemen. The Order seems to be in a most flourishing condition in Richmond.

INTERESTING CORRESPONDENCE.

It will be seen by the subjoined correspondence that the Democracy of Gates have tendered to Gov. Reid the compliment of a public dinner for his "perseverance, energy and untiring devotion to the great principles" of the Democratic party, and which contributed so much to the brilliant victory achieved by that party in August last. Gov. R., though compelled to decline the honor, replies in a handsome letter, which breathes the true spirit.

GATESVILLE, (N. C.) Sept. 6, 1850.

Dear Sir:—The recent political battle so gloriously achieved by the Democratic party of the old "North State" in the election of their nominee for Governor, and a handsome majority on joint ballot in the next Legislature, calls forth our warmest praise to those who, amid impending storms and tempests and surrounded by a destructive enemy, bore the toil, labor and fatigue of the day. And as your perseverance, energy, and untiring devotion to the great principles long and zealously contended for by the Democratic Republican party, assisted greatly in producing the victory above mentioned, we offer you our sincere thanks for the noble stand you occupied in favor of Free Suffrage; your able and satisfactory vindication of the justice and equality of the principle being conceded by patriots and philanthropists to be in unison with the spirit of the times, and the genius of our institutions.

A large portion of the people of this county, being desirous of manifesting their respect for you and their joy and pride at your election to the high and responsible office of Chief Magistrate of our State, have appealed to us to inform you of their wish to tender you a public dinner, to be given at Gatesville, in October next, on such a day as may suit your convenience, which we hope you will designate in your reply.

Hoping it will be convenient for you to visit and partake of the hospitality of our county, thus tendered to you, we beg leave to subscribe ourselves

Your friends,

And obedient servants.
W. STALLINGS, RO. H. BALLARD,
R. GATLING, WM. G. DAUGHTRY,
JNO. WILLEY, WM. W. COWPER,
C. E. BALLARD, THOS. G. VAUGHAN,
H. C. WILLEY, JAS. K. COSTEN,
WM. W. HALL, R. H. MCINTOSH,
WM. H. HARRELL, RO. B. PARKER,
THOS. P. CHERRY, SAM'L J. LOWTHER.

To Hon. DAVID S. REID, Wentworth, North Carolina.

REIDSVILLE, (N. C.) Oct. 5, 1850.

Gentlemen:—Your letter of the 6th ultimo, inviting me on behalf of a large portion of the people of Gates county to partake of a public dinner, at such time during the present month as may suit your convenience, was mis-sent, and did not reach me till to-day.

My arrangements are such that I have been under the necessity to decline similar invitations from my friends in other portions of the State, and for the same reason I am reluctantly compelled to forego the pleasure of partaking of the hospitality tendered by my fellow-citizens of Gates. My regret on this account is enhanced, from the fact that the names to your letter call to mind scenes and associations of "by gone days" upon which my memory delights to linger. I trust, however, that on some other occasion I may have the pleasure of meeting my friends in your county.

It is to the purity and patriotism of the people we are indebted for the late political triumph. For the part I have acted I have the satisfaction to know that I was prompted by considerations of public duty; and for the repeated marks of confidence and consideration bestowed upon me by my fellow-citizens throughout the State, I feel most profoundly grateful.

Identified, as I am, with North Carolina, and honored by her as I have been, I can but feel the deepest interest in her progress and destiny; that she may pursue such a course of policy as may advance the welfare and happiness of the people, is my most ardent desire. With my best wishes,

I am, very respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

DAVID S. REID.

To Messrs W. Stallings, R. Gatling, Jno. Willey, C. E. Ballard, H. C. Willey, Wm. W. Hall, Wm. H. Harrell, Thos. P. Cherry, Ro. H. Ballard, Wm. G. Daughtry, Wm. W. Cowper, Thomas G. Vaughan, Jas. K. Costen, R. H. McIntosh, Ro. B. Parker, Samuel J. Lowther, Gatesville, North Carolina.

The Mayor of Norfolk, during last week, gave his official sanction to a gang of negroes to have a grand Ball in one of the principal saloons of the city. Accordingly, on Tuesday evening last, the "Arcade" was filled with a large assemblage of the sable sons and daughters of Africa, regaling themselves on the "light fantastic toe," to the great annoyance of the worthy denizens of that goodly city. Thereupon the Councils of said city, highly incensed at such conduct on the part of their Chief Magistrate, unanimously adopted a series of resolutions, censuring and condemning his course in strong and unequivocal terms, and affecting somewhat his salary.

We see a call in the last Wilmington Aurora, of the "friends of Southern Rights," to "organize a Southern Rights Association."

SOUTH CAROLINA AND THE NORTH.

CHARLESTON, Oct. 24.
The people of this State are loud in expressing their determination to resist to the death the encroachments of the North.

MODEL ARTISTS.—Dr. Collyer was exhibiting his "model living artists" in San Francisco at the latest dates. The exhibition is described as "interesting, chaste, strictly proper," &c.

THE PUBLIC LANDS.

"The French Government has given its sanction to a proposition for a lottery of 700,000 francs, to raise funds to send out 6000 distressed persons to California."

We glean the above item of news from late foreign intelligence, and it gives rise to some serious reflections.—A proposition to send 6,000 paupers, under the auspices of the French Government, to the gold mines of California, to enjoy the same right to dig and carry off gold as our own citizens, cannot but excite the serious consideration of all. This property was acquired by the government of the United States from Mexico, after a contest in which much blood and treasure was expended. The public lands, with all their mineral and other wealth, consequently belonged to our Government, and all the States were entitled to equal participation.—Instead of establishing there a territorial government, (as had been customary) Congress erected California at once into a State. Whether the prohibition of foreigners from entering upon and working the mines is a matter of Federal or State jurisdiction, we are unable to say. It is true, that in the act of admission, something was said about reserving the public lands to the Federal Government; but high authorities pronounce this reservation a mere nullity, and assert that by the very act of admission, these lands passed into the possession of the State of California. Upon this point we submit the following forcible argument upon the subject, by the author of the celebrated "Randolph Epistles," which cannot fail to make a deep impression on the mind of the reader:

For more than a century past, has the public code of the world proclaimed as the law, that when sovereignty was conferred upon any people, all the rights of eminent and useful domain passed with it as its muniment, unless the same had been reserved, through a public Act to which such people had acceded, before they were seized of the sovereignty which proclaimed them a State. This is more emphatically the case with a new State entering into our Federation—for the Constitution while recognizing the right of this Government to hold public domain for all purposes within a Territory, specially restricts the holding of it in a State to the enumerated uses of "forts, magazines, arsenals, dock-yards, and other needful buildings;" and hence if Congress admits a State into the Union, before disposing of the public domain within its borders, or without obtaining an ordinance of relinquishment from her, prior to her admission, the domain passes with the sovereignty, and not even a right of suffrage over it remains. Such was the opinion of our fathers before the Union was formed—for a special clause in the Ordinance of 1787, expressly protected the public domain in the North-western Territory from escheat, by constituting the Ordinance a compact to which the States that were to be formed out of it, must assent before their admission into the Union, and thus relinquish all title or claim to the public lands within their borders; and upon this principle, and with this precaution, has every Congress that has been convened since the foundation of the Government until now, affirmed the necessity of exacting from the new States formed out of the public domain ordinances of relinquishment, prior to admitting them into the Union, and why? No reason can be assigned for it—but that in the opinions of all these Congresses, by the conversion of a Federal Territory into a Sovereign State, without such a compact, the title to the useful as well as the eminent domain, would pass as a muniment of the sovereignty conferred by the act of admission, for the Federal title lapsing for want of a reservation—the useful domain would necessarily escheat to the Commonwealth of the State for the want of an owner. The present Congress was seasonably warned, and through the most unanswerable demonstrations from Senator Soule and others, that such would be the inevitable consequences; and that the domain and treasures of California would be irretrievably lost to us, unless she was sent back to her Convention, to execute the Ordinance, before her admission into the Union; but, alas for the country! an inexorable majority, fired with a raving lust of dominion—and fearing that through a returning sense of justice, there might be a reduction of her limits, giving access to the South below the line of 36, 30—in desperate haste, it rushed madly on—and risking all, has lost all!

As to the jejune and impotent attempt to impose a condition of admission upon California, to which she has never assented and of which she knows nothing, and contained in the same act of Congress which makes and receives her as a sovereign State into the Union, (where, in common with the co-States, she may accept or reject at her own pleasure, any proposals made to her touching the disposition of property already her own) it could only be regarded as an arrant trifling, and the trashy product of a trashy mind—were it not for the solemn admission it imports, that in the opinion of Congress, the act of admission necessarily and *ex terminis* includes all rights of domain within the borders of the new State, which are specially reserved by an act to which the Federal Government and the new State were parties, at the time that the act of admission took effect! And when was that? The 1st section of the act of Congress informs us:

"Be it enacted, &c., that the State of California be and she is hereby admitted into the Union, upon an equal footing with the original States in all respects whatever."

And when did that act become the law of the land? Last Monday, (September 11th, 1850) when it received the President's signature and was returned to the Senate. If you want more practical proof—look! see there! in the Senate and in the House, sit California's Senators and Representatives, and in-

vested with all the rights and powers which other members from other States have and enjoy! Then, she's a sovereign State in the Union! Yes! The moment became such, and so instantly therewith did the public domain within her borders escheat to her, for the want of capacity in this Government to hold them longer, without a relinquishment, and against her consent! And what has become of the condition of admission? Why, California will not even have heard of it until she has been a State in the Union for many weeks time, and when she hears of it, she will also hear that she has been the absolute owner of that very domain from the moment she was admitted into the Union as a State. She may relinquish it then, undoubtedly, that is, if she chooses, and if she should not, who could force her out of the Union for a breach of the condition? Who ever heard before of a condition binding any body, until it was made known and assented to by the party charged with its performance? Who ever heard before, of a compact between sovereigns, depending upon the performance of a precedent condition, being executed by the party to whom the performance was due, before the other party was aware, that any condition had been named? Who but a fanatical Free Soiler intent upon the fraud of despoiling the South, would not have known that a waiver of the precedent performance of a precedent condition, was equally a waiver of the condition itself? But could the condition have been binding at all, then would the section I have quoted, have borne an unflattering falsehood upon its face, in declaring that California was admitted upon an equal footing with the original States, "in all respects whatever," while here was a condition onerous to her, which had clogged the admission of neither of them!

FORSYTHE SUPERIOR COURT.

The Fall Term of the Superior Court for Forsythe county was held last week, Judge MANLY presiding. There was but one case of general importance disposed of, to wit: "The State vs Jesse McBride and Adam Crooks," on a charge of circulating an incendiary publication. The defendants were indicted under the Act of 1850, being the 17th section of the chapter on Crimes and Punishments in the Revised Statutes, which is as follows:

"If any person shall knowingly bring into this State, with an intent to circulate, or knowingly circulate or publish within this State, or shall aid or abet the bringing into this State or the circulation or publication within the State, any written or printed pamphlet or paper, whether written or printed in or out of the State, the evident tendency whereof would be to excite insurrection, conspiracy or resistance in the slaves or free negroes and persons of color within the State, or shall advise or persuade slaves or free persons of color to insurrection, conspiracy or resistance, such person so offending shall be deemed guilty of felony, and, on conviction thereof in any court having jurisdiction thereof, shall for the first offence be imprisoned not less than one year and be put in the pillory and whipped, at the discretion of the court, and for the second offence shall suffer death without benefit of clergy."

This case had excited intense interest in Forsythe and the adjoining counties, and the trial was attended by a large crowd of earnest spectators. It was taken up on Friday morning and occupied the whole day until 9 or 10 o'clock at night. The State was ably represented by John A. Gilmer and Hugh Wadell, and the defendants by George C. Mendenhall and James T. Morehead, Esqs. Great latitude was allowed by the Court to the defendants' Counsel, and every disposition shown to give them a fair and impartial hearing; and no one who witnessed the zeal and ability of the counsel for the defendants can accuse them of not discharging their whole duty towards their clients.

The pamphlet on the circulation of which the charge was founded, and which was read in evidence, contained a sort of running commentary on the Ten Commandments, couched in the violent and canting language of the abolitionists, and intended to show that slaveholders live in the habitual violation of all said Commandments. The essential point of evidence was the proof that McBride, on leaving the house of Mr. Kenedy where he and Crooks had staid all night, put this pamphlet in the hands of Mr. K.'s daughter, a little girl of ten or twelve years old.

After the arguments of counsel, and a clear and intelligent charge from the Judge, admitted on both sides to be impartial, at a late hour the jury retired, and remained together all night. At the opening of the Court on Saturday morning the jury came in with their verdict of Guilty as to McBride, and not guilty as to Crooks. [We may here remark that there was no evidence adduced before the Court against Crooks, except his association with McBride.]

The Judge proceeded to pronounce against McBride substantially the sentence prescribed in the statute, viz: imprisonment for one year, in the pillory for one hour, and twenty lashes. The defendant took an appeal to the Supreme Court.

Nothing but that high sense of loyalty to the law, which happily pervades the community, has saved him from summary punishment; and if he can with impunity violate the law of the land, would he complain if an outraged community do the same thing in regard to him?

It is remarked that these men conducted themselves with propriety during their attendance at Court. McBride was bound in a heavy sum, with surety, not to circulate any more pamphlets of the same character during the pendency of his appeal.—Greensboro' Patriot.

UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA.—The number of matriculates yesterday morning was 322, distributed among the different schools, as follows: Ancient Languages 108; Modern Languages 118; Mathematics 144; Natural Philosophy 24; Chemistry 147; Moral Philosophy 80; Law 51; Medicine 82; Anatomy and Surgery 82; Lectureship of Anatomy 86.—Charlotteville Advocate of Saturday.

Why the duce is it, said a young swell, a few days since, "that I can't make this collar set well?" "Because it is a standing collar," replied the person to whom the question was addressed.

A gentleman met another in the street, who was ill of consumption, and accosted him thus: "Ah, my friend, you walk slow," "yes," replied the man, "but I am going fast."

CONTESTED SEAT.

Gen. M. T. Hawkins gives, notwithstanding a card in the "Warren News," to the Hon. Weldon N. Edwards, Senator elect from the county of Warren, that he shall contest his seat at the ensuing session, unless the latter "think proper to submit the election to the people again, for a true expression of their will." Mr. Edwards replies through the same medium, that he does not feel at liberty to refer the matter again to the people, so the right to the seat will have to be determined by the Senate itself.

The Editorial corps of Maryland held a Convention in Baltimore last week, and adopted, among others, the following resolution which is as applicable in North Carolina as in Maryland:

Resolved, That a committee of five be appointed by the President to prepare and present to the Legislature at its next session, a memorial setting forth the importance of enacting a law, providing for the publication in the different newspapers of the State, of all laws of an important public character, and to provide for the publication of the local laws in the county papers; and that the President be the chairman of that committee.

MISSIONARY SPIRIT.—We find the following in the Newark (New Jersey) Daily Advertiser:

"The whole proceeds of Jenny Lind's first concert in Providence, Rhode Island, were twelve thousand dollars.—Upon referring to the last Missionary Herald, the whole State of Rhode Island appears to have contributed for the spread of the gospel in foreign parts, the sum of one dollar."

The above is well put, and certainly shows how much more freely men will pour out their money for entertainment than for usefulness.

SOUTH CAROLINA IN ARMS.—At a meeting of the Charleston Rifles, on the 9th inst., among the resolves adopted was the following:

"That this company cheerfully pledges itself to the noble cause of Southern Rights, and stands ready to do its utmost in any post our State may assign."

EMIGRATION FROM NORTH CAROLINA.

The Fayetteville North Carolinian says that large numbers of persons, comprising men of substance as well as the poorer classes, are preparing to remove from this State to the West and South West.

"Why is South Carolina, in the present crisis like the ladies now present?" "Because she is either for an honorable Union or single independence."

This took the prize of a silver cup offered by the Campbell Minstrels for the best conundrum in Charleston last week.

Under the head of "Jenny Lind and the New Yorkers," the "London Times" of the 24th gives an extract of our "Lindiam" from the first day of her landing on our shores up to the day of her first Concert. This abstract the editor prefaces with some remarks a part of which follows:

"There is a shrine for some divinity or other in every human heart. In this respect the Americans are made pretty much like the rest of us. They have not much reverence for a Sovereign, or a Pope, or even a Pope; in fact, their political enmities have rather cut them out of the old fashionable circle. But set them once free, try them on a little new ground, and their innate loyalty will come out as strong as their rivers and falls. Jenny Lind, after fitting about Europe as free as a lark, jilting Queens, suitors, and opera lessees, has lighted on the New World and made it her own. The Caribs were not more awestruck at the landing of Columbus than the Yankees at the advent of Jenny Lind. Our own country were mad enough in ill conscience, considering that of the multitudes who raved about Jenny not one in ten had heard a note of her voice; and though she sang for charities, she certainly did not sing to the 'million.' The Americans, however, beat us out and out in the pitch of their devotion before a soul of them has seen her. It is already their belief, as expressed by one of the soberest of their journalists, that 'she has been raised up by the Great Spirit to make the rest of the world humble while they adore his power.' There is always a certain relation between the worshipper and the worshipped, and the most intense homage will occasionally betray the contemplation of self. In the present instance, the prostrate multitude cannot help being proud of their city, of their visitor, of themselves, and of their own singular good taste."

A PRECOCIOUS COUPLE.—One of the census takers for Greene county, Mr. McCoy, says the Xenia (Ohio) Torchlight, informs us of an instance of precocity that came under his observation in the eastern part of that county, which we venture to say, is unparalleled in this latitude. The parties are a married couple, the husband 18, and the wife 16. They have been married about four years, and have two children—one of which is over three years of age, and the other over one. If a younger couple than they have commenced "adding to the glory and greatness of their country," we hope to hear of it.

"Why the duce is it," said a young swell, a few days since, "that I can't make this collar set well?" "Because it is a standing collar," replied the person to whom the question was addressed.

A gentleman met another in the street, who was ill of consumption, and accosted him thus: "Ah, my friend, you walk slow," "yes," replied the man, "but I am going fast."

Oct. 8. Sw. H. GALLOP, C. of W.

NOTICE.

MY Wife, Mary Jane, having left my house and taken with her Children, all my goods are hereby forewarned against rendering her aid and protection, or giving her credit on my account, as no Bills contracted by her will be paid by me.

JAS. M. FREEBEE.

Currituck, Oct. 8.—4t.

SEINE TWINE.—A complete assortment of all sizes constantly on hand. Also Cotton Wares and Linens.—The True Gull Nest Brand, constantly receiving from the Factory and sold on the best terms by

J. H. HENDREN

Oct 15, 5 Campbell wharf, Norfolk

POETRY.

AMUSING PARODY.

ON "OLD GRIMES IS DEAD."
Old Brindle's dead, that good old cow,
We ne'er shall see her more,
She had a pair of legs behind,
A pair of legs before.

Oh! she was gentle as a dove,
And knew no base design;
She had two horns her head above,
Like any other kine.

Her beauty, hid from public gaze,
She never bowed to view,
Nor made a noise on rainy days,
As other cattle do.

In winter she was fed on hay,
We cut the fodder fine;
She gave eight quarts of milk a day,
On Sunday she gave nine.

And just at sunset every night,
She came home without fail,
She never felt disposed to fight,
And ne'er kicked o'er the pail.

She sought her friends 'mong other cows,
With whom she won esteem;
She never kicked up any rows,
But always gave good cream.

Oh! she was generous to a fault,
Betrayed no idle fears,
She never yet refused salt—
She wore a pair of ears.

She much by nature was endowed,
Though thorns her path beset,
And all the other cattle bowed,
Whenever they met.

And now she's gone to her long home,
We mourn and ever shall,
For every body said she was
A fine old animal.

Youth and love delight to go
Hand in hand with summer,
Where the limpid waters flow
With the softest murmur;
None on earth so well agree,
When the heart is free,
As those happy spirits three,
Youth and Love and Summer.

MISCELLANEOUS.

[From Arthur's Home Gazette.]
FITS OF PASSION.
A DOMESTIC HISTORY.

BY PAUL CREYTO'S.

When a young man, by talents, enterprise, and a steady application to business, has succeeded in establishing himself in such a position in society as to warrant him in taking the responsibility of a family, it is naturally expected that he will soon think of looking about him for a wife.

Such a man, no doubt, has a perfect right to marry, and wedlock may be considered a desirable state for him to assume. At all events, society thinks so, and fond mothers and marriageable daughters usually look upon him with peculiar favor.

Such a man was William Mowbray. He had succeeded in "establishing himself" before he was thirty years old. Besides the advantages of his position, he possessed those of good looks and agreeable manners, which go so far to win the favor of young ladies too romantic in their aspirations to be won by worldly goods alone.

So William Mowbray was considered, by himself as well as by others, a marrying man. While many respectable young ladies were "fixing their caps" for him, he was hesitating which to choose.

At last the question was settled in his own mind, and being duly proposed and affirmatively answered, was likewise settled in the minds of Mr. Mowbray's acquaintances generally.

Some folks said William had made a good choice; others shook their heads dubiously, and prophetically whispered—"He will find out!"

At all events, Miss Lucy King, the young lady in question, was a clever girl, spirited, and lovely to behold; and, I have no hesitation in saying, that more brilliant black eyes, more beautiful, glossy curls, whiter teeth, and a clearer complexion than Miss Lucy's were nowhere to be found within the range of Mr. William Mowbray's acquaintances.

Now, William loved Lucy, and I shall always believe that Lucy had a true passion for William. Accordingly the wedding-day was set, and they were married, and were very happy; and everybody said—

"What an excellent match it is!"

Lucy and William went to housekeeping, and lived together for several weeks, like a pair of doves.

One day William came home to dinner rather earlier than usual, as he wished to surprise his beautiful wife with some purchases he had made for her, with which he felt sure she would be delighted.

Now, if you had seen the happy young husband hurry towards his house and stop suddenly on the threshold, you might reasonably have supposed that the said house was a huge galvanic battery, and that the said young husband had received a proportionately severe shock.

William seemed stupefied.

"Good heavens!" he breathed; "what is the matter?"

Now, the occasion of this shock of surprise was simply this. The young, beautiful, and very amiable wife of Mr. Mowbray, was flourishing an iron utensil, commonly denominated tongs, over the head of Margaret O'Rooney, the cook, whom she had forced into a very close corner of the hall, just at the head of the kitchen stairs.

It is no matter of wonder that William was shocked. The black eyes which had looked love into his heart so often, glittered like fire; the clear and rosy complexion, which had always appeared to him so soft and beautiful, was ashy

pale with passion; and of the ten slender, delicate fingers—each particular one of which William had a thousand times kissed in rapturous admiration—five, as already stated, wielded an instrument of kitchen usefulness, and the remaining five were wreathed in the hair of the unfortunate and terrified domestic.

But—poor William!—this was not all! Lucy's voice, so rich and melodious when she sang his favorite songs, and so silvery and soft when she conversed of domestic joy and peace—that much-loved voice was now raised to a shocking pitch of shrillness, and those lips the young husband had always so much admired, appeared actually ugly, as they framed words of ungentle meaning, and exploded volleys of passionate threats in the submissive face of the cook.

"Good heavens!" repeated William, rushing forward, when he had recovered from the shock, "what is the matter?"

The tongs fell to the floor. Uttering a suppressed shriek, Lucy clasped both hands over her face. The young wife appeared as much horrified at the sight of William as Margaret seemed delighted.

"Lucy, what does this mean?" demanded her husband.

Lucy only pressed her hands more closely to her face.

"Shure, sir," cried the terrified domestic, retreating down the kitchen stairs, "and it's nothin' at all, at all, I've done to be kilt, but only jist I burnt the mate a little, sir!"

And with the air of a person conscious of deep wrongs, and lacking a resigned and forgiving disposition, Margaret dropped down into the kitchen, and with "wildly flowing tresses," rushed out in search of the police.

Meanwhile, Mrs. Mowbray, throwing herself upon the sofa in the sitting-room, sobbed with passion and shame. It was a long time before she could speak, and William, wounded to the heart, sat by her, endeavoring in vain to soothe her and elicit an explanation.

"Oh! Don't look at me, William!" murmured Lucy at last, scarlet with shame. "Don't speak to me! I never can look you in the face again!"

"What is the trouble?" urged William.

"Oh, I have been so foolish! so wicked! I have given way to one of my fits of passion!"

"One of your fits of passion!" repeated William, stupefied. "You, Lucy! to have fits of passion! Oh, I can't believe it!"

Lucy seemed crushed with shame.—She sobbed passionately. And when William, in great excitement, arose from her side, and paced nervously to and fro in no forgiving mood, she threw herself upon the floor as if she would have died of humiliation and grief.

William did not approach her, nor speak kindly, nor seem to pity her; but still paced to and fro, as if in a furious rage. But William was only grieved.

"Lucy," said he, at length, lifting her from the floor, "I want you to sit up."

Lucy obeyed like a submissive child. "Look me in the face,"

For the first time the young woman's sad and swollen eyes were uncovered. There was a wild fire in them yet, but she fixed them on her husband.

"Do you indulge in fits of passion?" asked William.

"Oh, don't kill me with such looks!" pleaded the wretched woman. "See! my face is burning with shame! I acknowledge my fault at your feet. Then don't look at me so. I don't deserve to be forgiven, perhaps, but you must overlook what I cannot help."

"What you cannot help," repeated William dismally.

"Yes—for I have fits of passion, and I cannot help it."

William looked like a man who had lost all hope. His face was a mirror of sorrow and despair.

"Listen to me," he said, in a half whisper, holding Lucy's hands firmly as he spoke, and looking with his earnest, searching eyes, into her very soul—

"Listen to me, my wife! I am disappointed in you. I cannot help telling you this frankly. I have loved you dearly for nearly a year, and never before did I dream that you could give way to those domestic curses, fits of passion. You should have told me of this before."

"And if I had?" cried Lucy, the fire in her eyes brightening, like dim coals fanned by the wind.

"If you had," said William, in a severe, resolute tone, "I should have felt that I was committing a sin, when I let you to be the companion of my life and the mother of my children!"

"A sin?" gasped Lucy.

"A sin against myself," continued William, firmly, "but not so much against myself, as against my children; for your fits of passion can occasion me only a few years of unhappiness, while they will ruin the dispositions of our children, and devote them to life-long misery."

Lucy shrank away from her husband as if she had been fearful of giving him the plague. His resolute tone, and severe but rational language, instead of increasing her anger, only humbled her, still more. She fell at his feet.

"Forgive me for deceiving you!" she pleaded. "I should have told you my faults; but shame prevented me. And I thought I could govern myself, too!—Only forgive me that, and pity my misfortune."

"I forgive you that," said William, taking her in his arms. "But don't call your fits of passion a misfortune. To indulge in rage, such as you have just manifested, is a fault which I condemn. Why, it is horrible! I could not believe it was you! I supposed it was some fiend, and thought I should sink when I was assured that it was you. But those fits of passion—you can govern them, Lucy, if you will. It is folly to say you cannot help giving way to them."

"Then, by heaven, you must!" exclaimed William, like a man determined to effect a purpose or die. "You must and shall! I forgive everything. I will forget every thing, Lucy. But I must hear no more of fits of passion!"

"But you will not love me,"

"Dear Lucy, now that I know what your temper naturally is, if you govern it, I should love you better than ever." It was some time before Lucy could become calm, or overcome her deep

sense of shame. But William lifted her from the depths of her humiliation, and reassured her at length. He settled with Margaret, who declared she would not trust herself with a tress again, dined at a hotel, and went home to Lucy at night as if nothing had happened.

For three months the young married couple lived together as happily as before. To have seen the lovely Lucy in her household, you would never have dreamed that she was subject to "fits of passion."

It was in the summer time. William and his young wife had made preparations to accompany some friends on an excursion into the country. The day on which they were to set out had arrived, and Lucy, who was all animation at the prospect before her, was already impatient to get away. She waited only for her husband, who had gone to transact a little business before leaving town.

At length William arrived; but not with the expected carriage. Lucy expressed her surprise.

"I am sorry—very sorry to disappoint you," said William, kindly. "But business. I did not anticipate will require my attention for a week. We cannot go to-day."

The smile faded from Lucy's face like delicate frost-work in the flash of the hot sun. She became very pale, too, and her lip quivered.

"Your business must be of great importance!" she said in a significant tone.

"It is, or I should not be detained by it," replied William.

"At all events, you seem to have been careful to keep it from me until the last moment! Now that all preparations have been made, and our friends expect us, we must stay at home!"

"Child!" exclaimed William, impatiently, "I know my business better than you do."

"So you must add insult to injury!" cried Lucy, angrily. "Now I know that you can leave your business as well as not, if you would, and I know this is only a whim that has come across you. But you may go, or not, as you please. I shall go, sir, at any rate!"

And Lucy swept majestically across the room.

Had rather you would not," said William.

"Sir—I shall—I will."

"Dear Lucy, beware! It will be so absurd for you to go without me!"

"It is so absurd for you to refuse to go! But absurd or not, with you or without you, I shall go, sir."

William's teeth clenched angrily. His lips were compressed.

"I shall not oppose you," he said, firmly. "I don't want to witness another fit of passion. But if you leave my house in direct opposition to my expressed wishes, you shall never enter it again, as long as I am here! Now beware!"

"Do you think to frighten me?" cried Lucy, enraged. "You silly man! I don't fear you. I don't care if you turn me out of doors, if you are such a tyrant. Talk about fits of passion, will you! You never saw me in a real fit of passion yet, nor would you want to twice—so don't provoke me!"

Thus, I am sorry to relate, Lucy went on, becoming more and more violent as she proceeded, and heaping such mountains of wrath upon the head of her unhappy husband, that he actually bowed down and groaned beneath the weight.

After her breath was expended, and overcome by the violence of her passion, Lucy sank exhausted and gasping upon a chair.

William slowly and sadly raised his head.

"Now I don't care what becomes of you nor me," he said. "I shall never look for happiness again with you. I did hope for better things; but now, Lucy, I give up. Go where you like!"

And William left the house.

It was evening before he returned. Expecting to find his home deserted, he was surprised at meeting Lucy on the threshold.

She was very pale, and trembled as she took her husband's hand.

"I thought you were going with your friends to-day," said William.

"Oh! but you will not divide me from my child!"

"Because you did not wish me to."

"I thank you for your consideration," remarked William, bitterly, as he passed carelessly into the hall.

He said no more. He sat down at the tea table with Lucy. She watched him anxiously, but his looks froze her. The evening meal was partaken of in silence. William went out immediately after it was finished, and, contrary to his custom, did not return until midnight.

Lucy was awaiting his return.

William said but little, and retired soon after. He must have known that his wife was dying to hear him speak kindly to her—to hear him say he forgave her—but he seemed dumb with sorrow.

All the next day William appeared the same. Lucy could endure it no longer. She was in torment. She felt that another such day would kill her.

Accordingly, the wretched woman, after struggling long with her pride, and suffering much, threw herself at her husband's feet. She clasped his knees, then hid her convulsed features. She could not ask him to forgive her. She could not even speak. But her silent agony was more eloquent than words.—William forgave her.

I need not say that Lucy promised solemnly to indulge in no more fits of passion. She hoped she might not live to get in such a foolish rage again.

But unfortunately, Susan, Lucy's new domestic, was a great trial. A very good girl, indeed, she was at heart, and faithful and industrious, when sober; occasionally, however, she would buy whiskey, and drink it and become a despicable object. Necessity compelled Lucy to keep her in her service for a time, and she bore with her as well as she could.

One day, when Lucy wished to leave Susan in charge of the house, while she went to make a call, Susan was nowhere to be found. Hence, Lucy was obliged to remain at home, much to her disappointment. In an hour Susan returned, happy and independent. She had been drinking; and when Lucy remonstrated with her, she only laughed, and answered insolently. This was too much for Lucy's temper. It exploded in another fit of passion, and the deluded woman

threw out Susan's hair by handfuls! There was so much to excuse this fit of passion that William, although deeply injured, forgave it, as he had done the last.

But in spite of Lucy's promises and grand resolutions, she could not govern her temper. In a few weeks, another fit of passion seized her on a very slight occasion; and in a short time still another came to cloud William's domestic happiness.

Still William forgave. In the midst of these storms a child was born. It was a girl, and William chose to call it by his mother's name—Lucy.

For an entire year Mrs. Mowbray had no more fits of passion. William began to hope.

"The mother's temper is subdued by the child," he said, and thanked heaven for the change.

One day, however, the nurse carelessly pricked the child, so that it cried piteously. High words were the consequence. Mrs. Mowbray had another fit of passion.

As William knew nothing of this occurrence at the time, but little was said about it.

But now Lucy became subject to fits of passion more violent than ever. One day, when enraged, she struck her child in the presence of William.

"This is too much!" muttered William, clasping the injured innocent in his arms. "You are not fit to bring up a child, and I vow that Lucy shall not be ruined by your temper!"

Mrs. Mowbray's rage was terrible.—She would have torn her husband's hair had he not interposed his powerful arm.

William felt that it was now time to act. He had forgiven until forgiveness was no longer a virtue. Seizing his wife's wrist, he led her forcibly to her room, and locked her up.

Lucy raged like a wounded tigress.—But she was alone; she could not frighten William into the weakness of setting her at liberty before her temper was subdued. When he locked the door, and left her, he had said—

"I will subdue you, or you shall starve!"

So Lucy gradually became calm.—The consequence was, she became rational—she was prostrated with shame and remorse.

For twelve hours she wept bitter tears, alone in her chamber. It was now morning, and after weeping all night, she sank into a troubled sleep.

Mrs. Mowbray was aroused by the maid, who came to inform her that breakfast was waiting. She hoped that William's resentment was ended, and hastened to meet him. But he was nowhere to be found.

"Where is Mr. Mowbray?" she inquired, timidly.

"He went away yesterday afternoon," replied the domestic.

"And has not returned?"

"He said he would not return within three days."

Lucy became deathly pale.

"But where is my child?" she asked.

"Mr. Mowbray made me do up all her clothes."

"But where is she?"

"He took her with him."

Lucy fell to the floor like a corpse.

The domestic dashed a pitcher of water in her face, and she recovered from her swoon.

Two days after, William returned, alone. He found his wife plunged in the depths of shame, remorse and despair.

"Where—where is my child?" she cried, in agony.

"In safer hands than yours!" answered William, coldly.

Lucy fell upon her knees before him; with streaming eyes and clasped hands she begged forgiveness, and pleaded for her child. But William was inexorable.

"Fear nothing for Lucy," he said.—"She is in good hands, and will want for nothing."

"O, cruel, cruel!"

"It may seem so, Mrs. Mowbray; you may think so; but I am not cruel; I am merciful to my child. You, certainly, cannot complain."

"Oh! but you will not divide me from my child!"

"Hear me, Lucy; when that child was born, I formed a resolution. It was, that if ever you struck her in a fit of passion, I would take her from you. You shall not spoil my child. I have done my duty, and prayers and tears cannot move me."

So Lucy pleaded in vain.

From this time, the intercourse of William with Mrs. Mowbray, was of the most cold and formal nature. He became stern, thoughtful, reserved; she, pensive, unhappy, and more than ever subject to fits of passion.

What William had done with little Lucy was no secret. Mrs. Mowbray was unceasing in her search for the absent child, but her efforts were of no avail. About once a month, William left town, and was gone three or four days at a time; and Lucy heard that on those occasions he went to see his daughter.

One morning, from some trivial cause, Mrs. Mowbray gave way to another fit of passion, in the presence of her husband. William remonstrated with her, and her anger was roused against him. After indulging in much unwomanly abuse, Lucy exclaimed—

"I won't be tyrannized over any longer. It's no use giving up to you, and if I have fits of passion it's because I have cause. You've carried off my child, and now I'll go away too!"

William said nothing, until Lucy had thrown on her bonnet and shawl, and was moving towards the door.

"Mrs. Mowbray," then said her husband, severely, "you are doing that which you will be sorry for."

"Sorry or not, I will go home to my father!" cried Lucy, with flashing eyes.

"No, you cannot go now," replied William, calmly, "wait until your fit of passion is passed, and then if you wish to leave me, go. But not now, Lucy."

"I will go, in spite of you, and Lucy pushed forward. William stood between her and the hall door. She was furious; he, calm and sorrowful.

"This is too much!" shrieked Mrs. Mowbray. "But if you are determined to oppose me, take the consequences!"

And for the first time in her life Lucy struck her husband in the face.

William became deathly pale. He stepped aside, and bowed his head sorrowfully. As he spoke, his whole frame quivered, and his deep voice was broken by the heaving of his torn heart.

"I will not oppose you. Go home to your father, if you will. But if you go, farewell for ever!"

Without appearing to notice the deep meaning of these words, Lucy flew past his startled husband, and passed his threshold.

In an hour, Mrs. Mowbray was under her father's roof.

By this time, however, her rage had subsided in a great measure, and she felt ashamed of the steps she had taken. But she remembered that she had struck her husband, and dared not go back to him that night.

On the following day, although dying with remorse and wretchedness, Lucy still dreaded to return, and pleaded an excuse to pass another night with her friends.

The next morning, she said to herself—

"If I remain absent still another day, William will become alarmed; he will forgive me, he will come and entreat me to come home."

But as William did not come, Lucy felt her pride fail her. Humbled, trembling, remorseful, on the evening of the third day of her absence, she set out to return to her husband.

"He has forgiven me a thousand times," she said to herself, whenever her courage failed her, "and surely he will forgive me once more."

With crushing sensations of dread, Lucy approached her house. In the dusky light of the declining day, it looked dreary and forbidding. Thrice she wished to go—to fly—without a moment's thought of preparation, and would have left the house without so much as her bonnet or shawl, had he not taken her under his care. I said Lucy knew nothing of this; when she recovered her consciousness, she was riding away with her husband's agent in a carriage.

The journey seemed to Lucy like a wild dream. She afterwards recalled something of what she had seen, and dimly remembered riding on the highway, when the sun was shining brightly and the birds were singing. She also had some recollection of the speed, clatter and dizzy rocking of railroad cars, but not until she found herself at her journey's end, was she fully conscious of all she saw around her.

Lucy was in her husband's arms.—The hot tears she shed upon his bosom relieved her heart, and cooled the fever of her brain.

"Lucy," said William, kindly, "calm yourself. I have sent for you to behold your child before she dies. She is very ill."

Lucy was stung again. Her eyes flashed wildly through her tears.

"Where is she?" she cried. "Oh, my darling! my Lucy!"

William led the way. Upon a curtained bed, in a dark and silent room, the little sufferer lay. She was asleep.

"Be calm!—softly!" murmured William.

But, already the strong impulse of motherly affection had carried Lucy to the bedside of her child. She clasped the sufferer in her arms, scalding tears falling upon the child's pale face, awoke her. She was not frightened; but seemed to understand the meaning of it all.—

Extending her feeble arms, little Lucy twined them about her mother's neck.

William approached but not a word was spoken. Silence was only interrupted by the sob of the mother and the frail murmur of welcome of her child. William gazed a moment, but tears blinded him, and he turned away.

"Are you indeed my mother?" asked little Lucy, in a feeble tone.

"Yes—yes, my darling child, I am your mother. Oh, my darling!"

What more was said cannot here be written. It was the natural language of strong affection and deep passion, which none can interpret; it was poetry too sublime for expression—eloquence whose power can only be imagined.

Again Lucy was at her husband's feet. It was too much for even his stern nature. He had known of her patience and humiliation, and now his heart melted. He raised her into his arms, he forgave her—and all the love and devotion of former years rushing with renewed power upon his soul, he pressed her passionately to his heart.

Lucy felt that her repentance had atoned, in some measure, for her faults; her husband's kindness reassured her; a mountainous weight of wretchedness was lifted from her heart, and the light of hope illumined all its darkness. Inspired by love, and joy, and faith, she arose, beautiful in the strength of her woman's soul, which seemed endowed with new life and power yet untried.